

Heart's Eruption by TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-03-20

Updated: 2017-03-20

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:27:46

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,885

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Proposal fic

Heart's Eruption

A white gown, a diamond ring, and the sound of bells all spun around Mike's mind, in a kind of psychedelic daze echoing through him. All the images flashing through him seemed to come in waves, one after the other, crashing and then disappearing into new visualizations. It was hazy, but Mike could see it, a wedding. Two people up at the altar, their faces blurred so he couldn't tell who they were, but he could see their love.

Mike didn't stop to question how he could *see* love, but with these two people, he didn't doubt it. Then, like the wind blowing away sand in the desert, the blur washed away from the girl's face. He could see her in entirety now, from the detailing on her dress, to the all-too familiar face. Mike didn't have time to wonder why El was up at the altar, because he was then whisked away to somewhere new.

He was in front of her, and she was staring up at him with the same grin he fell in love with, and he couldn't look away. The voices in the background all drowned out, and before he knew what he was doing, he was leaning towards her. Then the wind came once again, and blew them away from the moment.

A new hazy setting. He was lying on a couch, and faint laughter could be heard behind him. Mike turned around and saw her, El was holding her hand out to him, the ring on her finger seemed to radiate light all around him, he couldn't look away.

"Mike," She was calling for him, a smile lighting up her face, "Come dance with me."

His legs seemed to walk themselves over to her, and then they were dancing. Mike didn't question where they were, or what was happening, he just stared at El's eyes and danced with her, until one last time, the wind seemed to pull him away from her.

It happened slowly, he noticed as everything around him started to turn to dust and the wind carried it away. Then he felt himself pull away, his eyes tiring as he felt them close. The last thing he could remember was the faint kiss Eleven placed on his cheek right before

she blew away from him.

Mike bolted up in bed, the foggy memories of his dream were all blurring together. He looked around his bedroom, taking deep breaths and trying to recollect what had happened. Of all the fuzzy images that entered his brain, all he could remember was the look on El's face as she reached her hand out to him, the light from the ring almost blinding him.

He looked over at the sleeping girl besides him. He couldn't hold back his smile, and he started to run his hands through her hair. Every time he saw El asleep next to him, the giddiness never left him. Mike never got over the feeling of watching her sleep next to him, of watching her so peaceful right beside him. They had spent their fair share of late nights together, comforting one another from bad dreams, and watching El sleep so soundly was something Mike was eternally grateful for.

El's lips were parted slightly, and Mike wished for nothing more than for her to be having good dreams. He thought back to his own dream and blushed to himself. Before he could process what he was doing, he was reaching out for El's hand in her sleep. Holding it with his own, tracing over her palm, and staring at his girlfriend's bare ring finger.

His friends had been asking him since the day he turned 18 when he was going to propose. Mike always brushed it aside, as he did with all their teasing over him and El. Truthfully, the thought of marriage never crossed Mike's mind. El and he had been dating since they were teenagers, they got their first apartment together as soon as Mike went off for college, not wanting to leave El behind in Hawkins. Anyone who knew them knew their love was deep and full, in a way where it never needed to be questioned or reconfirmed that they would be together for as long as they lived.

In Mike's mind, he had practically married El when he was fifteen and he told her for the first time that he loved her. That was the moment he knew he wanted to be by her side for the rest of his life, the moment where he knew he would always be with her.

Somewhere along the way, Mike had forgotten that he never actually married the girl he loved with so much of his heart.

His fingers were still tracing small patterns onto her palm. He leaned to give her a quick kiss on the back of her hand, and before Mike knew what he was doing, he had dropped her hand and was rolling out of bed, not even bothering to change out of his pajamas, just putting shoes on and rushing from the room.

He stopped at the doorframe when he heard a quiet “Mike,” behind him. El was half-asleep and groggy, staring up at him, “Where are you going?”

Mike yelled at himself for waking her up. He walked back to the bed, leaning in over her, “I have to go do some stuff. Don't worry, I'll be back in a little bit. Go back to sleep.”

He leaned over to give her a quick kiss on the forehead, and when he looked up, her eyes had fallen shut and she was slowly drifting back asleep. Mike smiled down at her one last time before getting back up and leaving the bedroom, ready to take on his mission.

Unsurprisingly, there weren't many jewelry shops open in the middle of the night. In fact, there weren't any. Mike drove around for a while, trying to find any place he could stop into, ultimately deciding to stop at the park to watch as the sun came up over the trees.

The orange light shined through slowly, and Mike couldn't help but wish El was watching the same sunset from back home. When they were younger, he always loved to sneak out early on Saturday mornings before the sun came up, so he could watch the beauty with El. Those quiet mornings were one of Mike's favorite activities, he figured nothing could be more beautiful than El as she rested her bed-head against his shoulder, but those sunsets were a close second.

When the sun had finished waking up, Mike figured the rest of the world might have as well, and he walked back to his car, ready to find an open jewelry shop. He never stopped to question his actions, to wonder if he really should be doing this. Mike figured he was

being a bit spontaneous, but nothing was ever spontaneous with him and El. There was no such thing as a spur-of-the-moment decision, because he knew since he was twelve years old that she was the girl he loved. He knew for years he would marry the same girl he pulled out of the rain in the fall of 1983, now it was just a matter of asking her.

The sun was out, and slowly the world awoke, people started to leave their houses, more and more cars piled up on the street. Mike smiled into his mirror, knowing there wasn't any way more beautiful he could see this morning going.

It didn't take long for Mike to find a ring. The jewelry shop had so many, but there was one that stood out to him right away. It was just a simple diamond, but it shined brighter than any of the other rings around him. Mike figured it went well with his dream, which was the whole prompt to him buying this ring at 7am on a Sunday morning. He couldn't take his thoughts away from the bright ring of his dream, and this diamond before him seemed as close as he would ever get.

The ring reminded him of El, the way she shined more than anyone else. Unique, that was the only word Mike could use to describe that part of her, but it never did her justice. She stood out, she was different, she was remarkable in a way that made him fall in love without even realizing it until he was already a goner. Her differences always became an insecurity for her, Mike knew there were days where she wanted nothing more than to be like everyone else. But Mike was in love with the parts of her that made her different, the parts that made her shine brighter than anyone else to him.

So Mike bought the ring that he knew was right for her, but just because he had the ring didn't mean he was ready to propose. Well, ready isn't the right word, because Mike wanted nothing more than to propose to her. Every second he saw Eleven after that, he had to restrain him from falling to his knee and pulling out the velvet box from his pocket. He had to stop himself though, Mike figured El deserved something so much more than that. He had put off proposing for so long, and now that he was going to do it, he knew

he wanted it to be perfect.

So the box remained in his pocket at all times, reading for whenever this “perfect moment” would arrive.

El noticed something was different with Mike. She saw how his stares would last longer, she could feel him looking at her whenever he thought she couldn't tell. He blushed whenever she would stare back at him, and El didn't know what was going on with him, but she loved it.

Her head was currently nestled into the crook of his neck. They were lying on the couch of their apartment together, resting after a long day. El could hear how Mike's heart was beating faster than normal and smirked, burying her face into his chest. He put his hands around her back and held her close to him, and together they just lied there, listening to each other's heart beats.

El heard as the radio playing faintly from the kitchen switched to a slower song. She smiled to herself and rolled off of the couch. Mike raised his eyebrows and looked at her quizzically.

El put her hand out for him to grab onto and smirked at Mike, “Wanna dance?”

Mike's breath hitched for a second, his mind reverting back to his dream from those few weeks ago. The same dream he thought about every night as he drifted off to sleep, and everything around him now felt so eerily familiar, it felt almost like *deja vu*.

He looked up at her, and El was still giving him a warm smile, so he reached out for her hand and walked with her towards a clear spot to dance.

Eleven threw her hands around his neck, pulling herself close to him, and he snaked his arms around her waist. Mike was so much taller than her, he was able to rest his chin on the top of her head, and together they began to sway.

Mike loved to dance with El. He remembered back to when they were thirteen and they practiced awkwardly in his basement when he was

telling her all about the Snow Ball. She asked him to teach her to dance, and honestly, Mike didn't have a clue himself on how to, but he didn't want to disappoint her, so he told her everything he knew from movies and TV, and started to practice with her then. They were clumsy, and Mike felt as if he has two left feet, while El kept stepping on both of those left feet, but it was still perfect to them, and together they learned what to do.

Since then, they had danced together so many times, one of their favorite pastimes, pulling each other close whenever music began to play.

Mike pulled his head off of hers and looked down at El's smiling face. Her eyes met his and she looked like this moment itself was written in the stars to. Mike would have believed that too, because every time he looked at El, it felt as if nothing in this world could ever be as beautiful as their love, that it all must have come from some otherworldly place, writing little stories in the stars of what was destined to happen.

Mike didn't ever want this moment to end, he wanted to stay there dancing with El for the rest of time, he wanted to dance with her up into those stars, to look down at the world with her by his side, still dancing as they went.

"I love you," Mike spoke out, not able to contain his feelings a second longer.

El didn't look surprised by his sudden declaration, it wasn't at all uncommon for them. Mike and El never hid their emotions away from each other, they told each other every feeling they had. When something bothered El, she told Mike, and whenever she had a sudden rush of love for the boy in front of her, she told Mike. And he did the same back to her.

"I love you more."

Mike shook his head, a bright smile taking over his face, "That's impossible."

"Oh?"

“I love you so, so much, El.”

El just smiled at him, leaning in to give a quick peck on his cheek. Mike's heart started beating faster, and he couldn't contain his rush of affection, “You're my everything, you know that right? You're my entire world.” Mike stopped dancing for a moment and looked at her, moving his arms around the back of her neck, wishing nothing more than for someone to invent words that he could use to show just how much his heart swelled whenever he even thought of El.

“It's like every time I think of you or see you or talk to you or kiss you or anything, my heart turns into a volcano, and it's not even beating, it's just erupting constantly, non-stop. Everytime I think it's done, I just look at you and it's erupting even more.”

El looked up at him, her eyes wide and her lips parted slightly as she tried to think of a response. She was quiet for a few seconds, waiting for her blush to fade, “I feel the same way about you.”

“I don't ever want it to stop erupting.”

Mike looked down at El, his heart and mind racing at his sudden confession. El looked shocked as well, not expecting him to say anything so committed, so permanent, so open.

Before Mike knew what he was doing, he was pulling away from El and dropping to the floor. His hands reached towards his pocket, pulling out the velvet box he'd carried with him for so long. He had waited so long for the perfect moment, but Mike didn't care anymore, any moment where he was with El was already perfect. He just wanted to be engaged to the girl he loved already.

“Eleven, promise me that it's never gonna stop erupting. Will you marry me?”

El felt her heart skip two beats, and in the time of those two beats she felt all the shock hit her like a wave. It crashed, then disappeared as fast as it came. Before she knew what was happening she was pulling Mike up, slamming her mouth onto his.

In the end, Eleven never gave the fateful “Yes” when Mike asked her

to marry him, but she never needed to. He didn't have a doubt in his mind that she would say no. Both Mike and El knew for years that they would be together for the rest of their lives, that they would get married and have a long and half future together. This moment was nothing more than making that dream of the future into the present.

El never said yes because she never needed to. She kissed Mike, and in that kiss we're all the feelings she'd never be able to put into a simple "Yes."

She felt her own eyes begin to water around the same time she felt the first couple of Mike's tears land on the top of her hand. She smiled and pulled away from the kiss, wrapping her arms around him and hugging Mike as if she was never planning to let go. He hugged her back, and wiped the loose tears on his cheeks. His emotions had reached their peak, tears of joy slipping out, finally knowing that he was really going to marry El, all those plans they had made for the future were happening, he couldn't contain his excitement.

They stayed pressed together in that hug for a while. Later that night Mike would tell El all about his dream and how he'd finally gotten everything together to propose, but in that moment, all that they cared about were each other, never wanting to let go of the hug.

Needless to say, the volcano in Mike's chest was erupting more than ever before.